The Happy Life.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a fair country town;
May I have a warm houſe, with a ſtone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my paſſions with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer & better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

Near a fine ſhady grove, by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at diſtance, whereon I may look;
With a ſpacious plain, without hedge or ſtile,
And an eaſy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
Of the beſt wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a diſh of roaſt mutton, not ven'ſon, nor teal,
And clean' tho' coarſe linen, at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with ſtout humming liquor,
With a remnant of Latin to puzzle the Vicar;
With a hidden reſerve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my laſt day;
And when I am dead, may the better ſort ſay,
In the morning when ſober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and ha'nt left behind him his fellow;
For he govern'd, &c.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.